

VOLUME XXXVII.

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1901.

NUMBER 971.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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She: WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SEE PAPA?
"I DON'T KNOW. EVERY TIME I HAVE CALLED AT HIS OFFICE HE HAS BEEN IN."

LIFE.

OUTING

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE
AND COUNTRY LIFE
EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY

OWEN WISTER writes in OUTING for JUNE on
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Sportsman and the Man

MUCH TO INTEREST OUT-OF-DOOR MEN AND WOMEN

Write for SPECIAL OFFER to New Subscribers

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LIFE



"JOHN, DEAR, HADN'T YOU BEEN DRINKING WHEN YOU CAME IN LAST NIGHT?"

"THAT'S LIKE A WOMAN. JUST BECAUSE I HAD SOME LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN GETTING IN, BECAUSE I COULDN'T PRONOUNCE A FEW WORDS, BECAUSE I TOOK OFF MY CLOTHES IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AND WORE MY SILK HAT TO BED, WHY YOU RUSH OFF TO THE CONCLUSION THAT I HAD BEEN DRINKING."



Elly: WHAT'S BECOME OF YOUR BROTHER?

Tige: OH, HE'S GOT A JOB UNDER SOME BIG TAMMANY POLITICIANS IN NEW YORK.

"WHAT'S HE DOING?"

"HE'S A RUG IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE AT THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB."

In Any Garb.

IN olden times, when a girl grew up,
They tied her with ropes of gems.
They shackled her ankles and wrists with ore,
And they crowned her with diadems.

They soaked her tresses in perfumed oil,
They rubbed her with pastes and things,
Then brought her forth, as a queen, befit
To rivet the gazes of kings.

But now—a dip in the tumbling waves,
With a rest on the sands between,
A linen skirt, and a sailor hat—
And—she's just as much of a queen!

Madeline Bridges.

Appropriate.

"I WONDER why they put 'He Rests in Peace' over Jones's grave. I understand that he led a very bad life."

"True—but you don't know Mrs. Jones."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

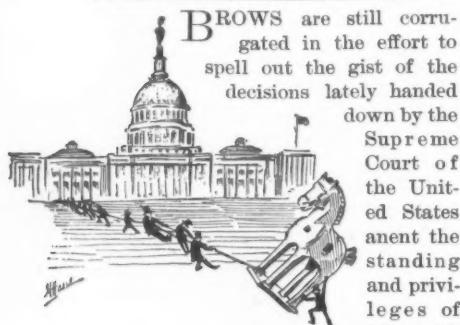
VOL. XXXVII. JUNE 13, 1901. No. 971.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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BROWS are still corrugated in the effort to spell out the gist of the decisions lately handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States anent the standing and privileges of the citizens of our insular encumbrances lately annexed. The Justices could not agree upon their answers to the questions propounded to them, but out of the complexity of their disagreements, opinions were extricated upon which, for the time being, action may be based. The decisions were not partisan. Two Democratic, and two Republican, Justices declared the Porto Rican tariff bill to be a violation of the Constitution. Four Republicans and one vehement, anti-imperialist Democrat gave conflicting reasons for endorsing it. The Court determined that the President could not annex foreign countries, but that Congress might. So far as can be found out the decisions do not hinder the progress of anything now being done in any of our tributary islands. Work can go on, and that, of course, pleases the Administration. The Court has evidently tried hard and conscientiously to do its duty. It has not succeeded to its own satisfaction nor entirely to that of any one else. Its decisions are not convincing nor conclusive, and

carry so little moral, or legal, weight, that after the summer vacation the Justices may possibly determine to bring their recruited energies to bear on some of these questions again.



IT seems very sensible of the Governor of South Carolina to decline the resignations of the two Senators from that State who stumped one another to resign. Senator Tillman is an interesting figure in public life; a man of force — populistic, abusive — who wears his bark outside and keeps it shaggy. He is an iconoclast and represents the Democracy that believes in smashing things. McLaurin is much more conservative and wants to lead the Southern Democrats in the paths of peace and profit, and would have them somewhat less vehemently partisan on matters that concern the welfare of the whole country, and less ready to go it blind for anything that any one contrives to stamp with the Democratic label. The two got at loggerheads and Tillman said McLaurin was no Democrat, and dared him to resign and take the chances of being vindicated by a re-election. So they both resigned, but the Governor says he can't have the State torn up by a needless and acrimonious political campaign out of season merely because the Senators have quarrelled, and he won't accept the resignations. Very sensible Governor! Let the Senators go behind the barn, each with a basketful of bad eggs, and have it out at twenty paces.



THE elections to the Yale Senior Societies seem to have been more than usually objectionable this year to the gentlemen who were not elected. It seems to have been a very general sentiment at New Haven that Mr. Charles Gould, the captain of the football team, should have become a member of one of the societies, and the Yale populace expressed this feeling by enormous cheering for Mr. Gould when it discovered that he had been left out. The fortunes of another young gentleman, the son of wealthy parents, for whom a provision was made that was somewhat unexpected, was, like Mr.

Gould's misadventure, an item of news the next morning in most of the newspapers in the country.

It seems to the calm observer as if these Yale societies ought either to be somewhat more secret, or considerably less so. Their method of announcing their preferences as to new members is ingeniously devised to stimulate a public interest in the greatest possible measure, and, incidentally, to gain the greatest possible amount of advertisement for themselves. But once a youth is taken in it ceases to be etiquette for him to admit the existence of the society to which he belongs. The odd combination of mystery and advertisement, both carried to excess, reminds one somehow of the canary-colored breeches and purple waistcoats which were a part of the traditional uniform of the Emperor of Brazil's secret police. Yale was once smaller than it is now; and Yale men were younger than they are now, and newspapers were less enterprising in the days when Bones and Key were started. But boys like nonsense and mystery even after they are old enough to vote.



IT looks a little as though these Yale societies needed reforming, but, after all, their antics are amusing, and there is such a thing as too much reform. Reformers are prone to spoil sport. That is one trouble with them, and another is that they are so apt to be intolerant of the rights of others. Take the reformers who succeeded in suppressing the army canteen. They cannot understand that a soldier has a right, like any other man, to drink stimulating beverages at times if he wants to, and that if he can't get drinks at one place he will at another. The Army Surgeons had a congress the other day at St. Paul and unanimously agreed that the suppression of the canteen was resulting in increased intemperance, discontent, misconduct and immorality in the army. The Surgeons want Congress to restore the canteen as a sanitary measure, and may be in another six months, when Congress meets again, it will do it.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.—X.

One joyful day my young master came back and with him a sweetheart of his sister's, and I heard there was peace again. It being the holiday season, on Christmas eve there was much merry-making, and I remember my younger mistress making her lover kneel before her (which he was not loath to do), and then she placed a wreath of holly on his head in lieu of the laurel she would have had him wear.

•LIFE•



MARY E. WILKINS'S volume of short stories, called *Understudies*, is disappointing. The idea of showing the resemblance which the author detects between certain characters and some of the domestic animals and commoner flowers has possibilities, but Miss Wilkins has not shown the delicacy of perception and touch necessary to their realization. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

In *The Crow's Nest*, on the other hand, Mrs. Everard Cotes exhibits the very qualities we miss in Miss Wilkins's book. *The Crow's Nest* is an account of a summer spent, by the Doctor's orders, in the author's garden at Simla, the British Indian hill station. It is not so much a story as the weaving together of the idle thoughts and fancies of a clever woman's brain, but it is a charming piece of work. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.)

God's Puppets, by Imogen Clark, is a story of New York in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The contrasts and conflicts between the Dutch and the English settlers form the basis of the story, which is very good in the beginning but grows steadily poorer toward the end. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

French Life in Town and Country, by

Hannah Lynch, is the first of a series of books to be issued about "Our European Neighbors." If the volumes dealing with Germany, Holland and Russia, which are to follow, are as interesting and well written, the series will be a good one. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Every One His Own Way, by Edith Wyatt, is a collection of fragmentary studies of characters in middle class life in Chicago. It reminds one of an artist's study book—here a hand, and there a foot, and here again a face, all showing signs of undoubtedly ability but quite unfinished. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

IN THE CITY.



In Love and Truth, the Downfall of Samuel Seele Healer, by Anita Clay Muñoz, is "a novel with a purpose." Its purpose is the overthrow of Christian science, but as the novel is a very poor one it will probably fail of its object. (The Abbey Press. \$1.00.)

A little book of short stories by George Gordon is called *Twenty-Minute Tales*. The stories are of very poor quality and not worth reading. (The Welton Press.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

For the convenience of those who wish to take some reading matter with them to the country, we publish the following list, comprising some of the best books which have appeared during the past year.

FICTION

"The Bath Comedy," by Agnes and Edgerton Castle. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"A Breaker of Laws," by W. Pett Ridge. (The Macmillan Company.)

"Babs the Impossible," by Sarah Grand. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Cunning Murrell," by Arthur Morrison. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"A Bicycle of Cathay," by Frank R. Stockton. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Doctor North and His Friends," by S. Weir Mitchell. (The Century Company.)

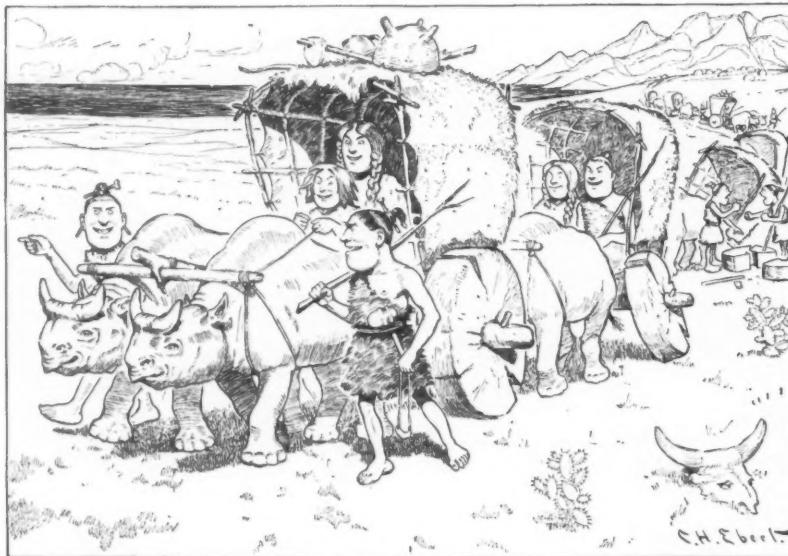
"The Darlingtons," by E'more Elliott Peake. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"The Eagle's Heart," by Hamlin Garland. (D. Appleton and Company.)

"The Forest Schoolmaster," by Peter Rosegger. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Heart of the Ancient Woods," by Charles C. D. Roberts. (Sliver, Burdette and Company.)

"The Heritage of Unrest," by Gwendolin Overton. (The Macmillan Company.)



PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

THE REAL PIONEERS—EASTWARD HO!



ON EASY STREET.

"In the Palace of the King," by *F. Marion Crawford*. (The Macmillan Company.)

"The Inn of the Silver Moon," by *Herman K. Viel*. (Herbert S. Stone and Company.)

"The Lane That Had No Turning," by *Gilbert Parker*. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay," by *Maurice Hewlett*. (The Macmillan Company.)

"The Mantle of Elijah," by *J. Zangwill*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"The Princess Sophia," by *E. F. Benson*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"The Passing of Thomas," by *Thos. A. Janvier*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"A Princess of Arcady," by *Arthur Henry*. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"The Powers That Prey," by *Josiah Flint* and *Francis Walton*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"Quisante," by *Anthony Hope*. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Quicksand," by *Henry White*. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

"The Reign of Law," by *John Lane Allen*. (The Macmillan Company.)

"Sons of the Morning," by *Eden Phillpott*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"St. Peter's Umbrella," by *Kalman Mikszath*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"The Sentimentalists," by *Arthur S. Pier*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Uncanonical," by *Margaret Horton Potter*. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)

"The Visits of Elizabeth," by *Eleanor Glyn*. (John Lane.)

"The Compleat Bachelor," by *Oliver Onions*. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Dwellers in the Hills," by *Melville D. Post*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Octopus," by *Frank Norris*. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"An American Engineer in China," by *William Barclay Parsons*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"The Awakening of the East," by *Pierre Leroy-Beaumie*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"China. Travels in the Middle Kingdom," by *Jas. H. Wilson*. (D. Appleton and Company.)

"Literary Friends and Acquaintance," by *Wm. Dean Howells*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Napoleon, The Last Phase," by *Lord Rosebery*. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos," by *Albert Sonnichsen*. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Up from Slavery," by *Booker T. Washington*. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

HOW much of a boat the indefatigable Lipton will bring across the seas this summer is more uncertain than ever since Sir Thomas's recent misfortune, but we have two uncommonly interesting new yachts of our own in stock, and we all want to see them race and to see the best one meet the challenger. Therefore it is a relief to have Mr. Lawson, of Boston, and the New York Yacht Club get together. About the merits of their long dispute the wise are welcome to argue. It is enough for the rest of us that *Independence* will meet *Constitution* and that the better boat of the two shall defend the *America's* cup. That is as it should be; good for sport, and a happy issue out of a deal of deviousness.

Advice—Properly Administered.

I HAVE lately been giving advice to my friends, and find it pays. The first one I met was Typerly. He came up to me in the station. He is a successful novelist.

"I've read your book, old man," I said, "and understand how you came to write it. A man must live. But it seems a pity that you couldn't have paid more attention to the style and literary finish. After all, there's something else in the world besides money."

Typerly gazed at me witheringly and passed on.

My next friend was Pendragon, an expert accountant. "Let me give you a few pointers," I remarked, earnestly, "on the simple laws of health. You are underweight. You look pale. You have undoubtedly something the matter with your lungs. You ought to give up work at once. Even now it may be too late."

Pendragon murmured something inaudible and hurried into the smoking car.

Number three was Smith. Smith was the father of a three weeks' old baby. Here was a golden chance.

"Nothing could be more fortunate," I remarked, "than that we should be occupying the same seat. Now about that baby. Does he cry much at night? How is his digestion? Have you examined his heart with a stethoscope? If not, do so, and don't rely on the doctor. It is better to know the worst at once. Have you read Whimper on Children's Diseases? Get it immediately. Do you know what rickets are? They are caused by a lack of nutrition. You are a father, and it is your duty to study every biological, anthropomorphical, dietetic, hygienic, lacteal, psychological and physiological aspect of your offspring."

Smith murmured something about a business engagement and went away abruptly.

The next on my list was Gullton, a man of piety.



THE ARMADILLO HAS AN IDEA THAT IF HE CAN ONLY TEMPER HIS ARMOR IT WILL BE BULLET-PROOF.



The American Girl Loq.

A CORONET'S no proper
hat,
And ermine on robes suggests
cat.

I don't like his frills,
And papa hates his
bills,
But a peer is a peer for all that.

"I understand," I said with a cynical smile, "that you attend church regularly. Of course, sir, blind faith is a common human attribute, but as an intelligent inquirer, have you investigated the claims of orthodoxy? Have you read Briggs on the Scriptures? Are you familiar with the process of natural selection and that biogenesis effectually answers the problem as to the nature of the so-called soul? Do you know that the doctrine of the subjectivity of the senses, while not necessarily antagonistic to teleology, utterly precludes the postulate of an orthodox God? It is your duty, my dear sir, to look these matters up."

Gullton's voice shook with anger and his face turned all colors of the rainbow, as he remarked, in parting, that he would hereafter be careful of his company.

But these few examples serve to show my method. I advise every thoughtful, self-contained man like myself to do the same. I might remark, in conclusion, that I live in a suburban town, one hour from the office, and like to spend the time on the train all alone by myself.



ON THE "GRAND CIRCUIT" IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.

Inverted Fables.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT-TO-BE.

"YOU have no idea what fun it was," said the chief of the army to the Leader of the Benighted Race. "Because, having been sitting in darkness so long, we have almost forgotten how to enjoy ourselves. But I have brought over a cargo of the principal men of the Enlightened Land, and while you are robbing them of their watches and

fices for the success of our arms, I was handing down ultimatums by the barrelful, raising the indemnity limit every other minute and incidentally slaughtering every one in sight, and grabbing everything I could lay my hands on. Wait until you see the spoils."

MORAL.

"What's the next thing on hand?" asked the Chief of the Leader three months later. "Benevolent annexation," was the reply.



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SOCIAL DEBTS

AS THE LAST GUESTS. THAT

•LIFE•



SOCIAL DEBTS.
LAST GUESTS. THANK HEAVEN!

• LIFE •



Looking Backwards.

ARTISTICALLY, the season just closed has shown little of real value. So far as the American stage is concerned the season will possibly be best known to posterity as "The Year of the Dramatized Novel." The managerial craze for this form of play has been so violent and the demand for it so great that all sorts and conditions of men have been put to work on the jobs. Naturally a lot of scamp work has been turned out. There seems no technical reason why the plots of some books should not be turned into actable plays, and the failure of most of those produced this year must be attributed to the lack of literary knowledge on the part of the managers and the inefficiency of their hired men as dramatists. At all events, the industry in its present form is a declining one; for which the public should be duly grateful.

* * *

HUMILIATING as it may be to confess it, the best plays of the season have been the imported ones and the best performances have been given by imported actors. Of the season's plays, "The Gay Lord Quex," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," "L'Aiglon," "A Royal Family," and, in spite of its unsavory flavor, "Mrs. Dane's Defence," have in point of technical value easily outranked the best of their American competitors, such as "Arizona," "The Climbers," and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." In the matter of performance the palm must be given to the highly polished rendering of "The Gay Lord Quex," by Mr. John Hare and his English company. Next to it, perhaps, comes "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" by the mixed company at Daly's. In very unpleasant contrast is the best that the Syndicate could do—"Diplomacy" with its so-called "all star" cast.

* * *

CHAKESPEARE has been represented by three revivals mentioned in the order of their excellence—Mr. Sothern's "Hamlet," Mr. Goodwin's "Merchant of Venice" and Mr. Mansfield's "Henry V." Materially these productions were artistically done, and in Mr. Sothern's case there was little to cavil at in the spirit of the

effort and the interpretation of the author. Mr. Mansfield's was more a spectacle than a scholarly rendering, but it is to the credit of the American stage that in one season to three of Shakespeare's plays should be given such adequate presentation.

* * *

FOR musical pieces the palm has to be awarded again to the imported product. "San Toy" and "Florodora" (the former immeasurably better than the latter in book and score) have distanced everything else in this particular line, both in popular appreciation and the former in intrinsic merit. The success of "Florodora" was made almost entirely by one of its numbers, the famous sextette, and by the personal popularity of the young women who sang it. The American product in the way of light opera and musical burlesque has been scant in quantity and poor in quality.

* * *



MOST notable of all the developments of the season has been the financial and artistic success attending the efforts of Mrs. Fiske and Miss Crosman, who are

independent of the Syndicate, and Miss Amelia Bingham, who is largely so. They have shown the profession that success is possible on independent lines and this may inspire a much needed courage in the people of the stage. Their independence may lead to the final overthrow of a tyranny which has done and is doing much to retard the development of stage art in America. Mrs. Fiske's courageous fight has brought her to the front not only artistically but as a result of it she will next season achieve the enviable distinction of being the manager of an independent metropolitan theatre.

* * *



AMERICAN DRAMATISTS have not done much to distinguish themselves in the past season. "Sag Harbor," by Mr. James A. Herne—

whose death we learn of with sincere regret—was artistic in the perfection of its detail, but proved to be just a bit too fine for popular approval. Mr. Clyde Fitch's accomplishment has been more of quantity than of very high quality. With the greater leisure made possible to him by his successes of the season, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "The Climbers" and "Lovers' Lane,"

and with his widened experience he may yet accomplish something to compete in technical value with the plays we seem forced to import. Mr. Thomas's "Arizona" and "On the Quiet" have been successful, but neither of them is up to the standard of some of his earlier plays. The list ends here. With only one market for plays it is not strange that the art of play-writing should not flourish in America. With the increase in the number of actors and theatres outside the Syndicate there will come better encouragement for the American writer and better opportunity to secure a hearing for such talent or genius as he may possess.

* * *

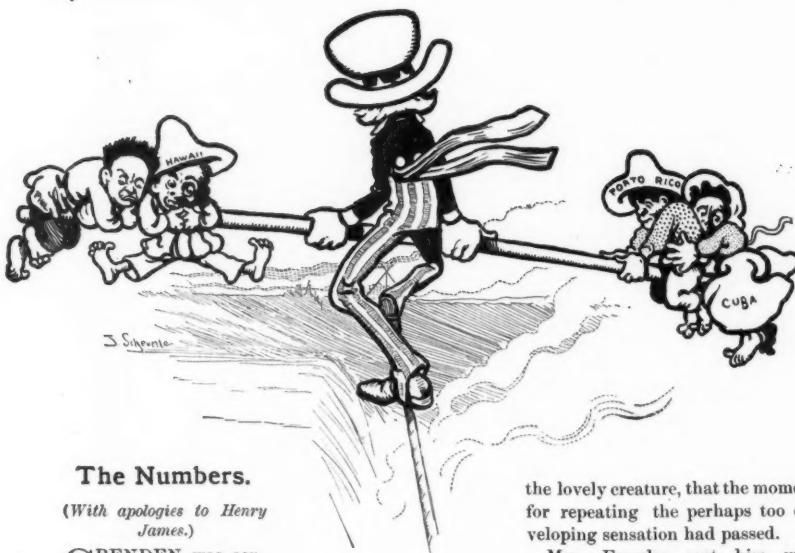
FRENCH FARCE of the unclean kind, which the Syndicate has made a specialty of importing to America, seems to have met with faint encouragement this year. By prostituting the talents of some of our best actors these pieces had a slight vogue, but the failures they have made of late have touched their producers in the tenderest spot—the pocket-book—and taught a lesson concerning the American public which could have been inculcated in no other way. The success of Mr. Augustus Thomas's clean little piece, "On the Quiet," has demonstrated the same fact in a different way.

* * *

THE season has marked but slight advance but it may become memorable hereafter as having given birth to an era of independence for actors and authors.

Metcalfe.

Miss Rose: MERCY! WILL NOBODY CLOSE THE WINDOW? THAT VULGAR MR. SUNFLOWER HAS BEEN KISSING ME FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR!



The Numbers.

(With apologies to Henry James.)

CRENDEN was conscious of too visibly wondering, the effect of their last interview hanging about him with a not-to-be-escaped insistence, as he pulled Mrs. Fraydor's handsome bronze bell-handle; not that he felt the responsibility entirely his, but that he owned to not, in his frank egoism, cherishing any hope which would sway him too strongly in the matter. However, when the heavy door swung back and revealed the face of a perfectly trained blankness, belonging to the only person who possibly, under the too trying circumstances, could, in passing with the tea-tray, have glimpsed into the red drawing-room on the particular day: he met it with direct coolness.

Thorn replied in a heavy monotone to Crenden's impulsive question; meanwhile searching him with eyes which had perhaps in their remotest depths the spark of a something withheld; that Mrs. Fraydor was in the red drawing-room—he hung, possibly a trifle, to the red—and alone.

Crenden was glad to feel as the curtain fell behind him and he was face to face with

the lovely creature, that the moment for repeating the perhaps too enveloping sensation had passed.

Mrs. Fraydor met him with raised eyebrows.

"You came?"

"Then you didn't—"

"No, surely"—he took her up—"how could I when it seemed so wonderfully to turn our way?"

"Our way!" She threw it out with some bitterness. "Then you think—"

"I think it has been of a hideousness!" he broke in with.

"I know—and Mr. Fraydor—"

"Well, Mr. Fraydor?" He brought it out with impatience.

"Well, he, too, wonderfully bears it, but with a lack of intellect, a numbness of insight which is worse than the other. He's of a blindness!"

"Mr. Fraydor?"

"No, no—the other."

"Then there *is* another?"

"Of course. He wouldn't have borne the stamp so freshly on his poor, dear mind if he hadn't had things to compare them to."

"He? Who?"

"Why, Mr. Grandel. You're of a dulness!"



"AH, MISS CLARINDI! MAY I DREAM THAT YOU WILL RETURN MY LOVE?"
"YOU MAY, BUT IT WON'T COME TRUE!"

"Did Grandel —?"

"Know? Of course, otherwise how could he—" she broke off helplessly.

"The numbers, you mean?" he supplied the blank.

Before she had time to answer, Thorn raised the curtain and discreetly articulated,

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.



D.D. Franklin.

111

"Mr. Grandel."

Grandel advanced as it were into the circle of light where the other two seemingly irradiated from the nimbus of the partially detected anomaly; having been, as Crenden himself put it, so near the Truth.

Grandel took the hand Mrs. Fraydor so unreservedly extended.

There was a luminous silence.

Grandel finally, after as it were "taking in" the too trivial conventionality of being immensely the third party, brought out,

"Dear lady, what after all was it?"

Mrs. Fraydor gave it mature reflection.

"Your being here must in some measure explain?"

"But I came to you expecting in marvelous magnitude to be enlightened!"

"You see," said Crenden, as Mrs. Fraydor puzzled it out, "Mr. Fraydor has laid injunctions."

"Oh!" cried Grandel, "then he, too, definitely knows?"

"Not that he *knows*, but he distinctly *feels*, has inklings, you understand—"

Mrs. Fraydor meanwhile came to a conclusion.

"The advisability of getting him away strikes me immeasurably," she brought out.

"But in that case the numbers would be vacant," her interlocutor remonstrated.

"I give it up!" Mrs. Fraydor wearily sighed. "I have tried everything. I leave it to you, we three being so allied as to the beautiful ending."

Grinden bending over the teacups seemed to wonderfully receive some inspiration from their roccoco shapes and gilded edges. His face, as he clasped Mrs. Fraydor's hand in taking his leave, was fairly radiant. "I shall in Paris," he declared, "find the key to the beautiful ending."

Six months later Crenden, in returning to England a very much wasted figure after the deep inroads of a tossing fever, found Grandel waiting for him in his Bloomsbury Crescent lodgings.

"This is a welcome!" He managed to bring out a tired smile.

Grandel nervously fingered an antique snuff box on the table. Everything in Crenden's apartment was respectably antique. Grandel remarkably and pointlessly wondered, seeing Crenden's long, angular nose, if the respectable antique ancestors to whom the respectable antiques had belonged would approve of the use put to them by their present owner. He tried to easily talk with Crenden, to speak of his rooms, his view, not daring in his visibly weak condition to broach the palpitating question, and thinking it best for his own part, to hold



JUNGLE CONVENiences.

back until time should have repaired the ravages, his great news.

He sat and breakfasted nervously, his mind surprisingly reverting to the antiques, being so in every vital point reined in. He left shortly, promising again on the following day to breakfast with the invalid.

Their next interview proved no more satisfactory, but on the third day Grandel, unable heroically to suppress the too invading thought, breathed the word "Paris," at which Crenden grew visibly older.

"Ah, Paris," he fairly groaned.

"Was it at the outset—" his interlocutor paused.

"At the very beginning, the first day. It seemed so fated, he had been there but two days before."

Grandel was tense.

"But, perhaps," he wailed, "it would not have mattered, for Mrs. Fraydor."

Grinden was by this pacing the floor.

"Mrs. Fraydor?" His question had in it the fear of the certainty of the reply.

"Is dead. Died while you were down with fever, and I, poor fool, shooting at Lord Blanderson's."

"Was nobody—"

"Not a living soul. She was down at Brick Terraces. Her maid had some confused idea of a message, but Fraydor, with immense promptitude, managed her disappearance."

"Then the numbers—" Crenden was so weary he could scarcely bring it out.

"Will remain forever unsolved." Grandel finished it for him with definite sadness.

Mabel McGinnis.



• HENRY • BUTT •

FASHION NOTE.

FOR AN ENGAGEMENT RING THERE IS NOTHING SO ATTRACTIVE AS A RICH BUT SIMPLE SOLITAIRE.



A SPRING FEELING.

I am too winter-killed to live,
Cold-sour through and through.
O Heavenly Barber, come and give
My soul a dry shampoo.

I want to find a warm beech wood,
And lie down, and keep still;
And swear a little; and feel good;
Then loaf up on the hill,
And let the Spring house-clean my brain,
Where all this stuff is crammed;
And let my heart grow sweet again,
And let the age be damned.

—Bliss Carman, in "Last Songs from Vagabondia."

IN 1783, General Henry Knox enjoyed the honor of being the "greatest" of eleven distinguished officers of the army, weighing two hundred and eighty pounds. Noah Brooks, in his book entitled "Henry Knox," says of him: "With a Captain Sargent, he was selected to present the hard case of the starving and naked men at Valley Forge to the attention of a committee of Congress. One of the congressmen, wishing to show his wit and sarcasm, said that he had never seen a fatter man than General Knox, nor a better-dressed man than his associate. Knox managed to keep his temper and remained silent, but his subordinate retorted: 'The corps out of respect to Congress, and themselves, have sent as their representatives the only man who had an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body and the only other who possessed a complete suit of clothes.' —Argonaut.

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COUNSEL for the plaintiff, being anxious to discredit a hostile witness's evidence, remarked that the occurrence described by the witness bordered on the miraculous.

"It must have been a miracle—eh?" he said, turning to the man.

The witness, shaking his head, said he did not know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come," said the counsel. "Supposing you were looking out of a window on the seventh story of a building and were to fall out and not be injured, what would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes! but what else would you call it? Well, suppose you did the same thing the next day. Suppose you looked out of the seventh story window and fell out again, and again found yourself uninjured. Now, what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come now!" the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the same window and fell out and struck your head on the pavement seven stories below and were not in the least injured, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

Counsel gave it up.—*Exchange.*

ONCE there was a run on a bank in a mill town, and the depositors were being paid in silver dollars. The excitement increased, and the run became a fast one. The cashier, a

young Irishman, sent the janitor with a bushel of silver dollars into a rear room, where there was a stove, with instructions to "heat them silver dollars red hot." They were heated, and in that condition he hauled them out with a ladle. The depositors first grabbed the coals, then kicked.

"But you'll have to take them that way," said the cashier. "We are turning them out as fast as we can melt and mould them, and if you don't wait till they cool, you will have to take them hot."

That settled it. The run was stopped.—*Pilot.*

THE *naïveté* and unexpectedness which make the chief charm of children's prattle was amusingly illustrated the other evening in the drawing-room of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, wife of the noted English actor. Her little daughter was helping to entertain some visitors, and the talk was running generally on theatrical matters. A good-natured friend, wishing to bring the little lady into it, said: "And you, my dear, I suppose you intend to be a great actress when you grow up?" "Oh, no; not at all," replied the child. "Mamma intends me to marry." —M. A. P.

A PATHETIC request to the editor by a young matron for receipt for an inexpensive soup has been referred to me.

"Dear George does so love soup: he eats a gallon or more at a meal if he can get it, and I want so much to please him."

You will find that a very economical soup can be made by scraping a carrot into a saucepan of water, adding a pinch of salt for flavor, and, if very pale, a little coloring matter. If the weather is cold, pepper well.—*Wasp.*

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BETTY'S BUTTER.

Betty Botter bought some butter;
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her batter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

—Montreal Star.

"WHAT is the marriage rate in these parts?" asked the stranger who was gathering statistics.

"The marriage rate," responded the native, proudly, "is two dollars for the service an' a kiss from the bride. The sheriff gets both, an' I'm the sheriff."—Philadelphia Record.

NOTHING

is put in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne to make it ferment, the effervescence is natural; its bouquet unrivalled.

RUBE: Yaas, Si is dead; went inter town ter get a tooth pulled; dentist feller told him he'd better take gas fust an'—

JOSH: Dentist gev him too much, eh?

"Oh, no; after the dentist feller told him that, he went back to his hotel an' took the gas hisself."

—Philadelphia Press.

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"WHY is Justice pictured as a woman holding a pair of apothecary's scales?"

"I don't know, but it would be manifestly absurd to represent her as an iceman with an iceman's scales."

—Philadelphia Times.

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When you play with Bicycle Playing Cards.

THE wife of a member of the House of Representatives, towards morning, not long ago, was awakened by unusual noises below stairs, and tried to rouse her husband.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she said in a low voice. "You must wake up and go downstairs; there are thieves in the house."

"Oh, no, my dear," rejoined the half-awake husband reassuringly. "There are no thieves in the House; they are all in the Senate."—Baltimore Sun.

A HEALTH RESORT.

Excelsior Springs, Mo., on the Kansas City line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, has become one of the leading all-the-year around health and pleasure resorts in the United States. The use of its waters has benefited a great many sufferers.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has just issued a finely illustrated booklet, describing the resort and telling of its advantages, which will be sent free on application to General Passenger Agent, Chicago, with two-cent stamp enclosed for postage.

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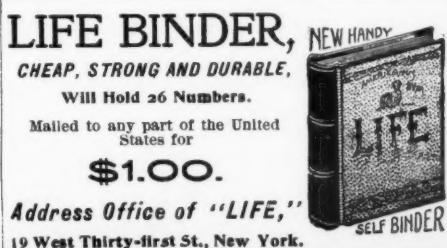
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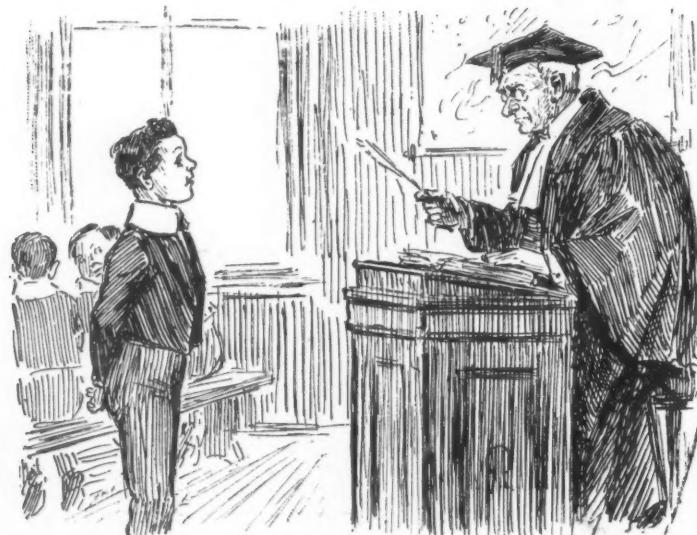
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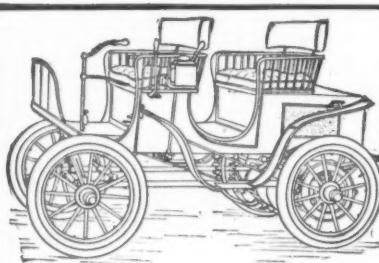
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